

Daily Eagle

R. R. TIME TABLES.

ST. L. F. M. S. & W. R. R.

EAST BOUND TRAINS.

Depart—
St. Louis Express and Mail 7:30 a. m.
St. Louis Night Express and Mail 7:30 p. m.
Kansas City Express and Mail 7:30 p. m.
Freight and Accommodation 11:15 p. m.

WEST BOUND TRAINS.

Depart—
St. Louis Express and Mail 7:30 a. m.
St. Louis Night Express and Mail 7:30 p. m.
Kansas City Express and Mail 7:30 p. m.
Freight and Accommodation 11:15 p. m.

Wichita & Colorado.

Depart—
St. Louis Express and Mail 7:30 a. m.
St. Louis Night Express and Mail 7:30 p. m.
Kansas City Express and Mail 7:30 p. m.
Freight and Accommodation 11:15 p. m.

Wichita & Western.

Depart—
St. Louis Express and Mail 7:30 a. m.
St. Louis Night Express and Mail 7:30 p. m.
Kansas City Express and Mail 7:30 p. m.
Freight and Accommodation 11:15 p. m.

St. Louis & San Francisco.

Depart—
St. Louis Express and Mail 7:30 a. m.
St. Louis Night Express and Mail 7:30 p. m.
Kansas City Express and Mail 7:30 p. m.
Freight and Accommodation 11:15 p. m.

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Homeopathic, Office over the Kansas

DR. J. J. STONER.

Homeopathic, Office opposite postoffice, Regi

DR. B. A. GUYTON & SON.

Physician and Surgeon, Office over the Kansas

DR. C. C. ALLEN.

Physician and Surgeon, Office and residence at

DRS. MCCOY & PURDY.

Office 127 Main street, over the Kansas

E. B. RENTS, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon, Office over Fuller & Son's

DRS. WELCH & WELCH.

Office 221 Douglas avenue, Wichita, Kansas, where

RUSSELL & JORDAN.

Physicians and Surgeons, Office on west side of

PALMER C. JAY.

Physician and Surgeon, Office at D. G. Terry's drug

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MCKEE & PATTEN.

Dentists, Teeth extracted without pain.

DR. J. C. DEAN.

Dentist, Opposite the postoffice. Teeth extracted

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Dentists, Office over Barnes & Son's drug store,

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Dentist, Piano, Organ and Theory, 42 North Mar

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Professional Piano Tuner and Repairer. Refer

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Will meet regularly every Friday night in Mason

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KNIGHT OF THE LARIAT.

NOT TO BE CONSIDERED A SUCCESS

AS AN INDIAN FIGHTER.

No Class of Men in the World More

Utterly Contemptuous of Death—Dealing

With Unseen Danger—A Total Lack of

Military Discipline.

Don't lose your ears have titillated, even

at this range, to the vociferous trill of the

cowboy, howling to be let at 'em. This

exuberant knight of the lariat has had to ask

several friends to hold him right along, lest

he avalanche himself on the gory battle and

expunge the Apache race at one fell swoop.

And the comical part of it has been that a

good many worthy folks are impressed

thereby, and yearn for the formation of

sundry cowboy companies, with superlative

faith that so the problem should be solved

instantly. The proposition has even been

wired to Washington.

Now, the cowboy is a good fellow in his

way, and it is a robust, anti-dude way, too.

I haven't a word against him, but, on the

contrary, a lively memory of many kindnes

es at his hands. He is no rougher than

most of us would become by the banging

about in these savage wildernesses. His

virtues are more than a few, and as virile

as his vices. The wholesale damnation piled

upon him by some virtuous people is not

only unjust but foolish. As an Indian

fighter, however, he is a rank failure. He

gallops around at a safe distance, whoops

and swings his hat and shoots to the mortal

detriment of space and paralyzes every

thing but the foe. If you fancy that that

that is a coward, you were never worse

foiled. There is no class of men in the

world, I presume, more utterly contemptuous

of death. He will rub noses daily with the

body of one conquered without a twitch of

the eyelid.

WILL FACE DANGERS HE CAN SEE.

But he wants to know about it to see his

game. In the bar-room brawl where the

friendly glass spills an ugly word, the word

is echoed back by a blow, and the blow gets

answer in the flash of twenty revolvers—

there the cowboy is at home. He will stand

like a rock and face the murderous music of

the fire, his own breathing back defiantly.

Shoot him full of holes and he will yet

stand his ground. He is acquainted with

his own phrase, he "savvies the burro." But

it is the danger that we know not of

which makes cowboys of us all. What

ever may be said to the contrary, the cow

boy knows all about Indians. It isn't his

HOW TO MAKE BRETZELS.

A Glance at the Dainties in Their Most

Inexpensive State.

"Good morning, Herr Goetz," said a young

man to a blacker street baker who holds a

secret.

"Good morning," Then, after the visitor

had explained his object, the baker re-

sumed.

"Want to find out somethings about bre-

tzel, eh? Why don't you look in some book-

I don't know, or where, or how day came

to be made. Guess it was in Charman's, pe-

re forer food."

Zell's, Chamber's, and Johnson's dictio-

naries and the American encyclopedias say

nothing about bretzels. The infallible En-

cyclopaedia Britannica, never heard of the

foreign stuff. No German-American dic-

tionary contains the word "pretzel," or

"brezel." The Encyclopedia of Cookery

knows nothing about such pastry. Wor-

cester is ignorant of the word, and Web-

ster, prince of lexicographers, tells all he

knows in one line:

"Bretzel, a kind of hard,

brittle cake."

"The people want to know how they are

made," Mr. Goetz," said the visitor. "A

bretzel is such a curious piece of delicatessen

such a horny, salty, hard, and twisted

jawsbreaker that they want to know all

about them."

It had been quite a task to find the baker,

whose shop is down an alley, back of a

store, and is surrounded by a wall of

No sounds came from the bakery, but

there were men moving about, and a bright

light shone out as from an open furnace

door. Herr Goetz, seeing his bread shoul-

ders against a wood pile, straightened his

arms out along the pile and said:

"Tell der people dot I make dem one

dousand five hundred bretzels every day—dot

uses up dresquarters of a barrel of flour; dot

dem dot one man, if he is quick, can roll

one hour; dot der dough is put through der

kneading machine more dan a hundred

times; und dot it is made mit bay yeast

shut like bread. Tell dem dot der "sponge"

stands five hours by der tick der watch.

Go open der door, und see for yourself."

Tables, trays, shelves, boards, and an old

collar door were covered with uncooked bre-

tzel. They were smooth, and as white as

ivory. A small boy gathered them up on

his fingers, like rings, and dropped them,

like doughnuts, into a kettle full of strong,

boiling lye. A boiling lye, in white overalls,

with apron, and cap, finished with a perfor-

ated ladle like a skimmer for the white

dumplings in the lye kettle. Another baker,

with a long-handled wooden shovel, stood

near with a barrel of coarse salt at his side.

The steaming wet bretzels were laid in

rows on the shovel, were sprinkled with

salt, and then, by a dexterous twist of the

wrist, were landed on the brick floor at the

back end of an open Dutch oven, where

they were baked. "Why do you stop them in lye, Mr.

Goetz?" asked the young man, returning to

the wood pile.

"You don't know dot, do you, eh? Neither

don't I. My father made 'em like dot. He

is dead, und I branded neder to give it

away."—New York Star.

Guatemala's Climate and Productions.

The ride from Esquipulas to Guatemala is

worth going a long way to see and enjoy.

The air is that of spring—indeed this table

land of Guatemala has only vernal heats.

Neither frost or scorching sun ever come

here—on long May days lasts the year

round. This is called the summer season,

because it is rainless, but winter does not

diminish the temperature, only it brings

with it a wilder profusion of odors, flowers

and green pastures and fields. Even now

one sees grass burning from the rocks and

cruces and rushing down to lakes and rivers.

The supply of water for all possible needs

of the house, field and manufactory is

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